

CUCKOLDOM TRIUMPHANT

O R,

Matrimonial Incontinence Vindicated.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

INTRIGUES PUBLIC and PRIVATE,
ANCIENT and MODERN.

By a GENTLEMAN of DOCTORS COMMONS.

To which is added,

A LOOKING GLASS for Each SEX.

The horns when gilt, will adoration have,
Then praise the goddess who the lustre gave.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. THORN, in Pater-noster-Row.

CUCKOLDOM TRIUMPHANT

O. P.

Illustrated by J. H. R.

Illustrated with

INTRIGUES, REVELATIONS, AND



By J. H. R.

A CUCKOLDOM TRIUMPHANT

Illustrated by J. H. R.

Vol. 1.

Printed for T. Fisher & Son, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

THIS work, intended to comfort the afflicted, and confirm the contented, among those who are married, as well as prepare the unmarried for the happy state of Cuckoldom,

IS HUMBL Y INSCRIBED,

TO THE

BRITISH NOBILITY AND GENTRY,

WHOSE WIVES are too POLITE not to

Let them STAND in need of such

CONSOLATION,

By their MOST OBEDIENT,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

CORNUTO.

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CONSOLATION,

By their MOST OBEDIENT,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

CORNET,

A

MODEST APOLOGY

F O R

CUCKOLDOM.

I SHALL not in the common
cant of authors, beseech the
reader's patience to go thro'
this work before he pronounces
judgment upon it, or supplicate
his compassion after he has read

B

it;

it; since I may without vanity declare, that he will be much obliged to me for submitting it to his perusal. They are but bad commodities that require fine words to render them vendible; the good carry their own esteem without being obliged to a broker to give them a gloss. There needs no sublimity of judgment or height of fancy, to recommend the subject I treat of, which is of that public nature, and great consequence, that all men have a concern in it. The object of this work being cuckoldom, by some foolishly accounted a misfortune, but which I shall clearly prove
to

to be a benefit, and evince its various advantages to mankind.

I'm amazed that out of so many wits as the present age abounds in, that none have made it their province to defend cuckoldom, and clear that honourable situation from the aspersions which have been so liberally cast upon it, as they might have reaped numberless advantages from becoming guardians of the horns. I must confess, that being no longer able to bear the insults and injuries offered to such a spring of happiness, I could not be at rest till I had waved my
pen

pen in its defence, and discovered the graces which attend it.

Other men's works have certain limits, and are bounded by their subjects, but this exhibits an universal view; for as there is no person but who either is married, or expects to be so, there is none but who is interested in the perusal of this piece, as he may by that means reap those advantages that are here freely tendered him.

If batchelors knew what a blessed thing it is to be a cuckold they would not remain long single;
or

or if married men truly knew the advantages of such a situation, they would bend all their studies and endeavours, expose their fortunes, and engage their friends to procure them so great an happiness.

The assurance which I have, that the whole world will find the most satisfactory comforts, as well for cuckolds that are, as those who will be, makes me with confidence communicate these thoughts to the public. I am mistaken if any man can carp at either the subject or expression, the stuff is good, if it be

not fashionably made. It is not the ornaments of a garment that protect from the inclemencies of the weather; but the cloth alone defends from the injuries of the season. Now if any man chuses to make a suit hereof after his own fashion, I freely give him leave. In the mean time let him receive what I have here done, as an earnest of my good wishes to his person, and inclination to give him satisfaction.

With respect to cuckoldom, there is no nation under the sun able to rival Old England. The
royalty

royalty of horns knows no bounds, as we find every day verified by numberless examples. And the amazing encrease of antlers of late among the nobility, whose customs the common people are so fond of copying, gives me the pleasing promise of cuckoldom's becoming universal. Cuckolds are only scarce where fate has denied its most obliging blessings, viz. a tempting lover, and a yielding mistress, and that curse I believe will never fall upon this land.

“ Why should dull law rule nature,

“ who first made,

“ That law by which herself is now

“ betray'd.”

When

When the honourable order of cuckolds was first introduced into the world, the learned are not agreed. Aristotle seems to hint as if it sprung from the original of things. When *form* lay with *matter*, *motion* crept in between, and out started a *cuckold*. Ovid tells us the unhappy fate of Acteon, the first horned martyr in chronology, whom the bashful goddess too severely punished for peeping only; but that he might fall a more accomplished victim to her anger, she adorned his forehead with a pair of curious branching antlers. The poets who are very good friends to love,

love, thought fit as they had made all the muses women, to fix the place of their residence upon Parnassus, which was a seat the most magnificent and stately, being a *forked hill*. Hence it is, I suppose, that all poets have a natural inclination to horns. And though it be in the power of the muses to make them poets, it is only in the power of their wives to make them cuckolds, the greater blessing of the two. Nay I knew a poet so proud of his brutification, that he wrote a Defence of conjugal infidelity, and a panegyric upon his wife.

The

The very worst that can be said of cuckoldom, is, that it encourages vice; but sure a man may easily pardon this, when he lives in hopes of going to heaven, by the assistance of his wife's sins: for my own part, if this comfortable discourse should prove of service to any uneasy cuckold, I shall be very glad of it, and expect no other reward. But if I was to name my largesse, it should be this, That every cuckold should give me a penny, and every *backsliding wife* a prayer, then I should be the richest and most prayed for of any man in the kingdom.

Finally,

Finally, if any cuckold, either but yet in his velvets, or honoured with the more glorious branches of the order, shall upon the perusal, not find sufficient consolation, let him subscribe his name under the title of *discontented*. And he shall receive the money again in double proportion. But,

“Whosoever weighs the matter fully,

“Had rather be the cuckold than the cully.”

some

some may urge, that none but a bully or a stallion, or such as carve at others men's tables, would advance such a doctrine. But they are mistaken, I am not one that wishes all things were in common, or would gather the fruit and not take care of the tree. Therefore, as I apprehend the thing, I am confident I should never deserve such dainty appellations.

There are three sorts of cuckolds, viz.

1. Those

1. Those that are so and do not know it.

2. Those that know it without being grieved at it.

3. Those that know it, and are fond of it.

N. B. These last are commonly supposed to wear golden branches.

The first sort are happy in their ignorance, the second are forced

C

to

to be contented, and the third are resolved to be so.

The only charm that can happen to one who in a genteel manner hornify's a peaceable man, is the wearing out a few more hats in a year by bowing to him more frequently than he would do; for complaisance to a cuckold is a fare that every gallant ought to pay implicitly for his pleasure. To cuckold a chole-
rick man indeed is dangerous, since his horns always seem uneasy till he has revenged his cause, and wiped off his dishonour, as he
foolishly

foolishly terms it: for the use of persons of this cast, this work is more particularly designed, and for such, I have prescribed the most lenient remedies.

It must be granted, that such as are cuckolds, and would not chuse to be so, are but in an awkward situation, and may with some propriety be deemed miserable, while those who are fond of their horns, are looked upon by the grave and phantastical as bad men: but if it is considered that the first are miserable only because they do not know their own happiness,

piness, and that the second are not all concerned so long as they enjoy their wish. You must needs confess I have good reason to maintain my proposition.

I am acquainted with two rich old merchants, who would both have prosecuted their spouses, having caught them in the very act of decorating the brows. Several divines and civilians were called in and consulted upon the occasion by the parents of these ladies—to prevent the mischiefs they feared from the morose humour of these unsanctified, and
unpolite

unpolite cuckold, when so much rhetoric, and philosophy was used, and so many examples and learned arguments, ancient and modern, brought, that they appeared and allayed the angry spirits of these gentlemen, and rendered them quite polite, and civil: for though they were both persuaded of the justice of their cause, yet they were so clearly and perfectly convinced of their error, that they had not one word to say for themselves, and consequently forgave their frolicksome wives; in which they did but copy the good nature of the softer sex; who, as Pope says, are

——“ Forgiving at the heart.
 “ And did not wicked custom so
 contrive,
 “ They’d be the best good natur’d
 things alive.”

I do not at present recollect all the arguments used upon this occasion, but as far as my memory will assist me, shall give satisfaction. One of the civilians, after having used some arguments, which the gentlemen were too much transported with rage to give ear to, he told them he was amazed to see such Christian like gentlemen so far overcome, by the very shadow

dow of affliction. This word shadow, occasioned a great deal of rage, for they both thought themselves much too discreet and wise, to be concerned at appearances only; and insisted upon it, that they did not mourn imaginary evils, but were too sensible of their misfortunes. To which the doctor with a smooth face answered, “ I would not, gentlemen, be thought to question your understanding, by representing what you term your misfortunes, under the appellation I have given it; but since you are so prepossessed with the melancholy apprehension of misery,

“ fery, you make use of the wrong
 “ end of the perspective, but I
 “ would only persuade you to turn
 “ the other way. I beseech you
 “ to hear me before you condemn
 “ me.” With all our hearts, re-
 plied the uneasy Cornutos, but pray
 do not use more sophistry and
 chicanery than sound reason and
 truth. Have but a little patience,
 rejoined the casuist, and you will
 change your opinion.

The injury which you conceit
 is done you by your wives, does
 not touch you in the least. You
 know that when faults are per-
 sonal,

sonal, none are guilty but those who commit them, and they only ought to suffer.

Our temporal magistrates would appear very unjust to condemn the innocent with the guilty. Whatever ill, therefore, a wife commits, reflects upon herself; and no one can blame the husband for her faults. Then let none make himself a party in an ill in which he is not concerned.

Oh! you mistake me, Sir, replied one of the cuckolds, you draw

draw your opinion from a wrong sense; my disquiet does not proceed from the sin she committed, and I know well enough, that I shall not be accountable for the favours she bestows on her lovers, but my trouble arises from the scandal and disgrace that she has thrown upon her children and me. It is not her crime, but my own honour that gives me concern.

This is what I would be at, says the Casuist, you confess you are not concerned for the sin she commits. How then, I should be glad to know, can the scandal affect

fect you, since you are not criminal, unless you have a mind to make yourself unhappy without a cause; for I am certain there is nobody living but would conclude, that the wife who does the ill, should alone bear the shame and punishment.

Upon this, one of the husbands, who thought himself more subtle than Aristotle, and more eloquent than Cicero, was for some time as mute as a fish: *hums* and *haws*, he owned that the theory of his arguments was well enough, but urged, that the world, who had
long

long adopted other sentiments, would not be fobbed off so. And merely to be a cuckold, was argument enough of reproach ; there is no soap will fetch out that indelible stain. Would you have a man, continued he, persuade himself that it is a vulgar error, and an injustice in the generality of mankind to believe that the gallantries of his wife, have their foundation in the *impotency* or *ill conduct* of the husband. No, no, let his behaviour be blameless, he will still be looked upon as the occasion of her disorders, when perhaps, he is capable of satisfying any reasonable woman in the
 affairs

affairs of love. But here he is at a loss, since he has to deal with a Messalina, whom a regiment of soldiers would not sufficiently oblige.

The casuist replied, that what he had said did not in the least weaken his arguments; since these sort of unhappy men, were only so upon account of the people's common opinion, and join in making themselves miserable by running into the same vulgar error as their neighbours: for, concluded he, if it is true that an opinion ill grounded, though it be universally received,

D troubles

troubles not the repose of a reasonable or discreet man ; and that the mistakes and prejudices of the foolish and malicious, do not affect him, since they exist only in imagination, I think he must be a very weak man who is so far prevailed on by the multitude as to fancy himself unhappy because they call him so. Would you not think him a very pleasant fellow, who, being in perfect health, suffers himself by his servants to be persuaded to take physic for a violent fever ? Apply the consequence of what I have said to yourself, for you alone contribute to your
own

own unhappiness, by an apprehension of what is not.

A divine took up the argument and continued thus. The reasons already urged, strong and excellent in themselves, have still a greater advantage; they make wonderfully for Christianity, which obliges all who profess it, not to perplex themselves with doubts, scruples and chimeras.

This, said the husband who had hitherto been silent, is satisfactory enough, if none but the common people were in the error, but persons of the greatest quality
fall

fall into this mistake as you call it; nay, the very wisest are not free from it. Hold a little there, cried the casuist, and don't believe the discreet can be guilty of such a fault, for if so, they are as silly as the vulgar; and as for those that figure away in the world, I do not esteem them the more for their gilded trappings, but rank them with those of the meanest quality, for if they have not more discretion they differ not at all from such. In short, the heathen philosopher said very wisely that a "man's happiness
 "with regard to mental affairs
 "depends wholly upon himself,
 "and

“and ’tis his own fault if he is
“unhappy.”

The divine urged, that all the Christian virtues equally forbade him not to betray what he professed. That patience, magnanimity, prudence, liberality, complaisance, mercy, humanity, pity, tenderness and charity, unite to remind him of his duty; and continued to enlarge on the effects of each particular virtue, and with most admirable eloquence, made it appear that each did not only exact a most perfect and passive sufferance, but also that it should be done chearfully.

The merchants both confessed these reasons to be very pious, but still appeared dissatisfied, as they might be fallacious, and were rather dubious whether the political reasons were not the same.

I plainly perceive, says the civilian, that you are wholly swayed by vulgar prejudice, since you remain unconvinced, after having heard such powerful arguments: however, to satisfy you if possible, I'll repeat a story.

THE

THE
CUCKOLD CONVINCED:
OR
HORNS brought to REASON.

SOME few years since, two very honest gentlemen lived near each other in a pleasant part of Buckinghamshire. They were, after they had past the meridian of life, left widowers with a son to bless the declining years of each. As the fathers, through the vicinity of their dwellings,

dwellings, had for many years
 been closely united in the bonds
 of friendship, the sons, by a
 similitude of sentiment, became
 as tenderly connected. They
 played together in their infancy,
 studied together in their youth,
 and at a more advanced age
 served a clerkship to the same
 gentleman in the Temple; that
 they were looked upon as the
Pylades and *Orestes* of the realms
 of parchment.

At the expiration of his clerk-
 ship Mr. Latitat, the youngest
 of the two, married (in the new-
 paper stile) a very agreeable young
 lady

lady with a handsome fortune, while his friend Mr. Brief, remained single.

Mrs. Latitat, with a constitution-naturally amorous, had an imagination warm in itself, and enflamed by reading plays and novels of the most luscious cast, she might with propriety be called a *child of love*, but could never be deemed a daughter of *continency*. Her native sparks of fire blown into a flame by her reading, rendered her an agreeable bride. She met her husband's careffes with all the enthusiastic ardor of burning love.

“ Her

—“ Her eyes that darted fire
 “ Spoke the fierce impulse of in-
 flam’d desire :
 “ Loose flow’d her tresses, and her
 upper vest,
 “ Betray’d the panting beauties of
 her breast.
 “ Such an attractive sweetness
 crown’d the fair,
 “ Such a soft, languishing, and dy-
 ing air,
 —“ As well might move.”

The night spent in the most
 enchanting endearments, and thril-
 ling raptures ; the morning saw
 Mr. Latitat quite captivated with
 the

the melting embraces of his playful bride. Has he had hitherto been unacquainted with all enjoyments of love but venal prostitution, his ardor had been but scantily returned in the hackney embraces of those who are almost dead to love.

“Frequent debauch had pall’d
their sickly taste,

“Taint their desire and in a moment past.

What then must be his satisfaction when he found one who met his passion with an equal flame,
and

and was even frantic in snatching at delight.

After he had been married about three months, he was compelled by business to make a journey into the country, which detained him for the space of six weeks. His wife embraced him at his departure with the most unfeigned tenderness, and with the most enchanting fervor entreated him to return to her arms with the utmost speed. He promised her, and after wantoning in the most luxuriant tenderness, took his leave.

In

In a few days, Mrs. Latitat found herself restless and uneasy. She at first imagined her uneasiness proceeded from the solitude into which her husband's absence had necessarily involved her; she, therefore, to remedy this evil, had recourse to company, by paying several visits to her female acquaintances, who began to think themselves neglected: for since her marriage, her thoughts had been so entirely engrossed by the pleasures of love, that the ceremonials of common civility had never once entered her head. Her experiment, however, she found ineffectual; the charms of female conversation

E

proved

proved but a momentary relief; and her anxiety at night returned with double rigor. She now discovered that she had made a wrong guess, and very sagaciously imputed her want of rest to the love she bore her absent husband, which caused her to sigh with great feeling for his return; but here she was under the greatest mistake, by mistaking sensation for sentiment, which I believe is more frequently the case than is commonly imagined.

The next evening a young country squire, who to the bloom of
the

the fields had added the politeness of the town, and set the charms of nature in the fairest light, by the accomplishments of art—entreated leave to see her safe home. With a native politeness she granted his entreaty. When he had sat her down, he addressed himself to go home, she asked him to supper, he was easily persuaded to follow what he now perceived ^{nect} inclination prompted him to. ^{nect} The conversation was kept up with spirit, they parted highly satisfied with each other. And on taking leave, the 'Squire imprinted a melting kiss on her panting lips, that thrilled through her very soul, and

and warmed her blood into a pleasing ferment.

As soon as he was absent, Mrs. Latitat found an uncommon cloud hang upon her spirits. She was more restless than ever, but with this difference, that she found a kind of dawning hope, and fluttering satisfaction, even in her disquiet; and began to recollect with surprise, that during her whole conversation with this gentleman, she had never once thought upon her husband, she was bewildered and amazed, and turned her thoughts imperceptibly even to herself

self upon the 'Squire. Who presented himself to her irritated imagination, as a most amiable antidote to her anxiety.

“ Were it by forceful destiny decreed,

“ Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed,

“ Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,

“ Shed its selectest influence from above :

“ Whatever was the cause, the tender dame,

“ Felt the first motions of an infant flame,

E 3

“ Receiv'd

“ Receiv’d th’impressions of the
love sick ’Squire,

“ And wasted in the soft infectious
fire.”

At length sleep relieved her from
the perturbation of spirits under
which she laboured, and wasted
her into the delicious regions of
amorous dreams.

“ Oh night, more pleasing than
the brightest day,

“ When fancy gives what absence
takes away ;

“ And

“ And drest in all their visionary
charms,

“ Restores fond lovers to each
others arms ;

“ Then round the neck in wanton
wreaths they twine,

“ And fondly circle like the curl-
ing vine :

“ A thousand tender words they
hear and speak,

“ A thousand melting kisses give
and take ;

“ Then fiercer joys, but blush to
mention these,

“ Yet while they blush, confess
how much they please.”

The

The day following Mrs. Latitat ransacked her whole wardrobe, and was very difficult in chusing her dress, and a considerable time before she could fix her choice at the toilet: her woman was amazed at the numberless alterations she was obliged to make, and the frequent chidings she received. The fatigue of dressing, and flurry of mind, greatly heightened Mrs. Latitat's complexion, while the thought of the place she was going to visit, and the person it was probable she might meet, overspread her features with a smile at once attractive and languishing. She flew on the wings

wings of impatience to the place where she had first seen the object of her thoughts ; her appearance was announced, and she was agreeably affected to find the 'squire, with eyes beaming forth the satisfaction of his soul, ready to receive her at the door of his relation to whom the visit was paid. Their eyes were riveted to each other, they glanced the softest things, and each could read the word *rapture* wrote in the strongest and most intelligible characters ; for lover's eyes are the easiest books to read in the universe : they darted more meanings to each other than they could

could have spoken in a twelve-month, and understood each other's minds as well as if they had been intimately acquainted from their infancy.

The 'squire was very sanguine in his hopes, and had laid his plan accordingly. His female relation was in his interest, and happy in an opportunity to serve him, as her pecuniary circumstances were greatly dependant upon his good-will. She therefore made an ingenious apology to withdraw for a few minutes: she was sensible there was no occasion to mention a longer time,

as the lovers would be too well employed to count her minutes if she lengthened them into hours. And Mrs. Latitat's head was too much taken up with amorous thoughts to perceive the impropriety of being left privately with a gentleman under such circumstances.

When they were alone, the 'squire laid close siege: her heart was not adamant, but melted like the most fusible glass. In the space of a minute her head was crowded with an hundred different thoughts, without her being able to connect any two.

She

She was startled to find that her husband had not taken her desires into the country with him.

She was amazed to perceive that she had all the pleasing flutter of a young bride on her nuptial night, without the intruding doubts of inexperienced innocence.

But the situation presented too many rapturous views to her imagination for her to think of receding.

The 'squire pressed her. She softened. He embraced. She sunk
backwards

backwards upon a couch on which she happened to be placed, and the violence of the ecstasies that followed prevented all farther altercation.

They recovered from the thrilling trance. She burst into tears. Tears are the best and most convenient relief from either pleasure or pain. She fancied she had done wrong, but at the same time thought it the most pleasing fault she had ever committed. He brought many arguments to console her---the afflicted are always open to consolation. She took it kindly of him, and be-

F

gan

gan to conclude that she had less occasion to be afflicted than she at first thought. He again pressed her to gratify his ardent longings : but she, to enhance the value of the enjoyment, thought proper to feign a resistance : he pursued the amorous quarrel till——

“—— E'er long,

“ Her strength grew weak, and her desires grew strong.”

And upon the couch he wiped away her tears by a repetition of the very thing that caused them.

“ Ye

“ Ye fair draw near, let her ex-
ample move,

“ Your gentle minds to pity those
who love.

“ Had some fierce tyrant, in her
stead been found,

“ The poor adorer sure had hang’d
or drown’d ;

“ But she, your sex’s mirror free
from pride,

“ Was much too meek to prove a
Homicide.”

She now frequently visited her acquaintance, and as often plunged into a sea of delights, too exquisite to last, but too delicious to be forgot.

“ In

“ In all she pleased, but most in
what was best,

“ And the last joy was dearer than
the rest.

“ Then by each look, each glance,
each motion fir'd,

“ He still enjoy'd, and yet he still
desir'd;

“ Till all dissolving in a trance
they lay,

“ And in tumultuous raptures died
away.”

But an accident happened to
intercept their felicity; the 'squire
had lately dabbled in politics, in
opposition to the schemes of the
minister,

minister, and being suspected of male practises, he was devoted to be sacrificed to the statesman's revenge. His frequent visits to his relation had been observed, and suspicion of her entertained. They were both seized by the king's messengers in so artful and private a manner, that even the servants knew nothing of the matter; and being conveyed to the house of one of them, were there by the minister's order closely confined.

Mrs. Latitat not having heard either from her lover, nor having been able to see her female re-

lation, was extremely uneasy. She at last wrote a letter, in which complaints, entreaties, rebukes and tenderness, were blended by all the eloquence of passion. This she dispatched to his own house by one whom she thought her frequent presents had rendered faithful, and to whom she revealed more than was either prudent or necessary :

“ The proverb holds, that to be
 wife and love,
 “ Is hardly granted to the gods
 above.”

But now let us turn to Mr. Latitat. He had remarked with great surprize and concern, that every letter which he received from his wife was progressively colder and colder, until the last seemed only to be wrote to a common acquaintance. The truth is, the warmer Mrs. Latitat's inclinations grew towards the 'squire, the colder her letters were to her husband. He was at first greatly alarmed, but at last grew so extremely uneasy, that he determined to quit the country immediately; indeed, before his affairs would properly permit, and ride post to London.

On his arrival, he resolved to retire to a coffee-house, in order to recollect his thoughts, and consider how to conduct himself. While he was in vain trying to rally his scattered thoughts, he perceived his own servant Tom, hurrying along with a face which cut a very consequential appearance. He dispatched a waiter to call him in, without once reflecting that he intended to remain for awhile concealed.

Tom was surprized to see his master, but much more so at his
apparent

apparent uneasiness, which was obviously written in his face. He began to fear all was not right, and thought, to make his own peace and advantage the best plan he could pursue: for Tom was one of those mortals who are fonder of money than honour, or self-interest than honesty. He desired his master to retire into a private room, for he had a material affair to communicate to him.]

When they were by themselves, he opened all he knew of the intrigue, and gave his master the letter, which confirmed all his fears, and plunged him into despair, rage and jealousy. He gave
Tom

Tom money, and ordered him to go a few miles out of town, till he should send for him, that Mrs. Latitat should not be apprized of his arrival or intentions, and promised to purchase his fidelity at a very high price. He then resigned himself to

——“ Jealousy---a rage,
 “ In which the wife with caution
 will engage.”

And went to seek his friend Mr. Brief to pour out his complaints, and seek consolation. His friend easily perceived the disorder

disorder of his countenance, when the following conversation ensued.

BRIEF.

Hah! my friend, you are as much cast down as if some great misfortune had befallen you. Pray what's the matter?

LATITAT.

Alas! you don't know my misfortune. Oh! my wife, my wife!

BRIEF.

BRIEF.

What, dead?

LATITAT.

No, no, would to heaven it were no worse. Oh, she's false, false to my bed! That ever I should be such a blockhead as to marry!

BRIEF.

Is that all! for shame, for shame! what, shall a man like you who have an hundred, and an hundred

hundred times so ingeniously and victoriously defended the innocence of those charitable ladies, now make use of your reason against them and yourself.

LATITAT.

Ah ! my dear friend, there's I find a very material difference between *saying* and *doing*. We easily preach patience to another of what we don't feel ourselves.

BRIEF.

This is the ordinary song of every one who fancies himself in
G distress ;

distress; but thank your stars
 your case is not so bad as you
 imagine. Recall those arguments
 I beseech you, which you have
 so successfully made use of on
 behalf of others, and then you
 will surely reconcile yourself to
 our own quiet. You are sensible
 that this kind of gallantry, which
 some among us foolishly look
 upon as disgraceful, is among the
 eastern nations looked upon as a
 badge of honor. Mr. Taverner
 who is generally very just in his
 relations, tells us, that the *Com-*
manians and *Circassians*, hold it
 for an honour when their wives
 have many gallants, and when-
 ever

ever the women fall out among themselves, their greatest reproach is to tell another that she is too *modest* and *cold*, which renders her unworthy of being beloved: and the wives are extremely proud when their husbands have a great number of intrigues upon their hands, and appear to be the favourites of the women.

L A T I T A T.

That is well enough amongst *barbarians*, but with *politer nations*, and such as profess Christianity, this custom is neither esteemed nor approved.

BRIEF.

B R I E F.

The various modes of living and thinking, being but an effect of custom, it follows, that if you could remove this obstacle, which an ill-grounded jealousy hath introduced into Europe, we might be much happier than we are; but because we suck some certain customs in with our milk, we love them, and not only believe them to be far preferable to their contraries, but condemn all that deviate in the least from our opinion. But consider that if you had been brought up amidst
the

the customs you condemn, you would have condemned the customs you admire. Thus, because custom, prejudice, caprice, imagination and mode condemn one thing, you will so far consent to be their slave as to become miserable. What a charming thing it is to be a zealous worshipper of whim. Shake off your ridiculous prejudice, and you'll find that the evil a man endures from the intrigues of his wife is great or small, only as he proportions it to himself. It may therefore be with propriety called a shadow.

LATITAT.

All you say, Sir, is very well, but the obligation of living where we are, and amongst such particular people, and the difficulty of effacing the impressions we receive at our birth, you must allow are obstacles rather too great to be surmounted.

BRIEF.

Say rather you will not try to surmount them : remember what the great Mr. Dryden says,

“ We

“ We so believe because we so were
taught,

“ The priest continues what the
nurse began,

“ And so the child imposes on the
man.”

then call your reason to your as-
sistance, and do not let your in-
fancy impose upon your man-
hood.

L A T I T A T.

Is it possible, Sir, that you can
believe my misfortune is only ima-
ginary.

B R I E F.

[168]
BRIEF.

Indeed I do, or I would not have talked as I have. Nay, have you not been all along of the same opinion yourself? Did not you tell me, when Lord * * * would have stabbed or poisoned his Lady, that you utterly disliked all manner of violence? That a man was a fool to descend to such extremities, that it was the wisest and best way to be patient, or sue out a divorce; and, in short, that the women are not so much to be blamed as it was commonly imagined. That since it very seldom happened

happened that a husband saw the fault, if it is one committed, it was much more noble to forgive than revenge the fault.

There are besides, a thousand things to be said in favour of the women. They are easy to be seduced through that very softness in their temper which enchants us so much; love is powerful, and must certainly have the same power over the one sex as the other. Yet man who arrogated to himself the power of making laws, thought proper to reserve to himself the *liberty of libertinism*, while

poor

poor woman was precluded from even fixing her affections, but as she was directed. Man may ruin thousands, and revel for years, while the least slip undoes a woman.

“Under how hard a fate are women born,

“Priz’d to their ruin, or expos’d to scorn,

“If they want beauty, they of love despair,

“And are besieg’d like frontier towns, if fair.”

So

So says that great martyr to love,
Waller; but the tender and har-
monious Rowe, comes nearer to
the point:

“ Such is the fate unhappy women
find,

“ And such the curse entail’d upon
her kind,

“ That man, the lawless libertine,
may rove,

“ Free and unquestion’d through
the wilds of love,

“ But woman, sense and nature’s
easy fool,

“ If poor weak woman swerve from
virtue’s rule,

“ If

“ If strongly charm’d she leave the
thorny way,

“ And in the softer paths of plea-
sure stray,

“ Ruin ensues—reproach and end-
less shame,

“ And one false step entirely damns
her fame;

“ In vain with tears and sighs
she may deplore,

“ In vain look back on what she
was before,

“ She sets like stars that fall to
rise no more.”

You see the opinions of the
greatest men conide with mine.

Have

Have you not confest that the fair sex were very unhappy in being subject to laws of their husband's making. If women divert themselves with a friend, receive a letter, bestow a kiss, or look kindly, they are guilty of deadly crimes—While men publickly intrigue, boast of their amours in all companies, and applaud in themselves what they condemn in their wives.

It was well said of Plato, that he had reason to thank heaven he was not made a woman, since men every where make them slaves, and like arbitrary monarchs

H make

make every statute in favour of themselves, without admitting the fair part of the creation to have a single vote. This renders them so fearful, obedient, submissive, and captive-like to the wills of men; and did you not imagine like a just judge, that women were no more to be blamed than other slaves, if they threw off the insupportable yoke when they found an opportunity.

L A T I T A T.

Those indeed were formerly my sentiments, but a man's thoughts
are

are different when he is sick and when he is well. We must live with those we are among and submit to the customs of the times, let the rules that men make, or have made be what they will. I know that women are weak and frail; I own that some men treat their wives a little too rudely, and are likewise unjust on their parts in the breach of their promised faith; but that's no reason that my wife should be exculpated, since she had never yet any reason to complain of my breaking my faith to her: my kindest endearments have never been wanting to her, and so far from being my slave,

slave, she has been my mistress; so that all you have said does not satisfy me. You extenuate her crime but do not make her innocent. Instead of totally eradicating the malady, you only bring painted remedies to my wound.

BRIEF.

Indeed, my friend, were you in my place you'd discover it to be excellent work to fight with sober reason against passion and prepossession. It's rare pastime for a man to refuse being cured of the itch in order to have the pleasure
of

of scratching himself. You think I do but palliate your misfortune without bringing you any true comfort, and you apprehend I do but lessen the fault you impute to your wife. But you call that only a palliation, which is sufficient to satisfy any man but yourself in this point. You confess that formerly you have been of my opinion, and now all on a sudden you are of another. But custom and the opinion of the vulgar have inspired you with different thoughts. But don't we often see that reason changes according to the humour of the people, and can that justice be

in fashion which is only the daughter of caprice? Are the wise subject to times? are they not beyond the reach of fortune? cannot you draw this conclusion, that since it is not the ridiculous imaginations of a giddy multitude that can make a man infamous; that it depends upon himself alone to be miserable or happy. Tell me ingeniously, is it the sin which your spouse may have committed that perplexes you, or the fear you have that it should be publickly known.

LATITAT.

LATITAT.

"Tis true indeed—I should be much easier if I could hope that her fault was not known; but the fear that it should be made public quite destracts me.

BRIEF.

Then my friend, you suffer yourself to be led by the opinion of the rabble, and make so little use of your reason and courage, that you submit your happiness to the impertinence of every coxcomb.

comb. If you reject my medicines, you must try to cure yourself, which you will never do, while you continue to be a *religious observer of vulgar errors*; since you ought to shun them as injurious to your prudence and repose. Remember the conduct of the great, the wise, and warlike Cato, upon such occasions.

“In days of old, they pardon’d
breach of vows,

“Stern Cato’s self was no relentless
spouse.

“Immortal

“ Immortal Plutarch, who displays
his life,

“ Tells us that Cato dearly lov'd
his wife :

“ Yet, if a friend a night or so
should need her,

“ He'd recommend her as a special
breeder ;

“ Though with the stoic chief our
stage may ring,

“ The stoic husband, was the glo-
rious thing.”

Here was true heroism, and the
very sublimity of philosophy. This
was the most admirable part of
Cato's stoicism.

LATITAT.

LATITAT.

Though I find your reasons very strong, I still know not how to get rid of the pain I endure. The injury I have received has something so very malignant in it, that having infected my soul, it envenoms my passion to such a degree, that I shall have need of the greatest disquisition to prevent me from taking the most cruel revenge for the affront I have received.

BRIEF.

BRIEF.

Now you open another fore quite different from the first, which requires a peculiar plaister.

Since the passions are the brutal efforts of the mind, which refuse to own the authority of reason; you must stop their course, and oppose their violence, by setting them to combat each other, by which means they will be totally defeated. Thus *fear* will prevent the mischief that *rage* might cause,
and

and self-love overturn the deadly thoughts of revenge.

L A T I T A T.

I perceive your aim, but must confess I do not know how to put it in practice.

B R I E F.

There is nothing more easy;
do not you foresee the tragical events to which you expose your-
self

self if you punish your wife for an injury, which rather deserves pardon than revenge? Do not you know, that many have paid dear for the liberty of falling into such transports? Consider in what danger the lives of such politicians stand. How many have wallowed in their own gore for not bridling the first emotions of such passions, when they might have passed for wise men and good Christians, had they pardoned the little lapses of flesh and blood.

I LATITAT.

LATITAT.

My friend, indeed, I may think myself indebted to you for my life. For it is not long since a very honest citizen of my acquaintance, was affaffinated for chiding his wife with too little caution for her familiarity with one of his clerks.

BRIEF.

That is not all, you not only
 run in danger of being stabbed
 or

or poisoned, which women are very expert at in our days. But you are the first to publish your own disgrace. For acting your revenge would bring the shame you so much dread full upon you, and call your life in question.

L A T I T A T.

Your last reasons seem to me to be of greater force than all you have said before.

B R I E F.

B R I E F.

I'll tell you why that is ; because the material touches nearer than the spiritual. And all that is obvious to the senses, makes a deeper impression than what is merely speculative. If therefore fear hath put a curb to your passion, by making you apprehend the danger of losing your life. A stronger motive necessarily ensues, which takes away all fear, and animates hope ; that is, a free pardon ; the most effectual
of

of all means to recall a strag-
 ling wife. Such generosity on the
 husband's part, when the wife
 thinks she deserves punishment,
 will doubly accuse and confound
 her; and infinitely aggravate the
 sense of her fault. This unex-
 pected goodness will persuade her
 that her husband's excess of love
 with-held him from that revenge
 which she had reason to expect.
 So that through a mere sense of
 gratitude, penitence, and acknow-
 ledgment, she breaks off all in-
 trigues, flies the sight of lovers,
 shuts her ears to flattery and love
 tales; and binds herself more
 strictly in affection to her husband,

obeys him more readily, becomes more pliant and tractable, speaks with all due respect, and bends all her thoughts to deface the odious impressions which her ill conduct had made in the mind of her husband. In fine, by this prudent conduct in him, she rekindles the fire which was extinguished ; and, reclaiming a heart almost lost to him, assures him the sole enjoyment of it for ever.

Mr. Lattitat was fully convinced, and determined to forgive his wife ; who was so affected by this unhopd for generosity, that she

she became virtuous through principles of gratitude, and made her constitution subservient to the dictates of conscience. Tom was recalled from the country, and instead of being paid as an emissary, was bribed to secrecy. Thus these parties were all satisfied and mischief avoided. The 'squire and his female relation being soon after released, he not knowing of the husband's arrival, dispatched a letter to Mrs. Latitat, to account for his absence. Mr. Latitat desired her to answer it; which she did: but the 'squire, to his great mortification, found her answer conceived in a style he little expected.

He

He despaired of renewing his acquaintance again ; and remained contented to employ his useful relation in search of some other fair, who might prove less liable to the penitentials.

The merchants at length, fully satisfied, were content to follow the laudable example of Mr. Latitat ; and their wives, like his, became, in conduct and sentiments, absolute Lucretia's. Thus we see the benefit of prudence, and a philosophical resignation to our fate, for giving way to our passions, never remedies the evil, but by en-
creasing

creasing the misfortune, compels us at last to sit down with a greater loss.

The example of thousands will convince any reasonable man of the dreadful effects of jealousy, and the absurdity of indulging a propensity to revenge, what in reality is neither misfortune nor affront. Some have confined their wives close prisoners, grossly abused them, watched every motion of their eyes; nay, have made use of Spanish and Italian padlocks to prevent them from grafting those fair branches on their fore-

foreheads ; but all in vain. It is much better, as Prior says, to

Be to their virtues very kind ;
 Be to their faults a little blind,
 And clap a padlock on the mind. }

For such constraint but animates them in their designs, and gives them thoughts which they otherwise never would have entertained. Examples of this kind have, from the first ages of the world been very frequent. And I will venture to say, that out of a thousand men, whose wives are tolerably handsome, nine hundred and ninety-

ninety-nine are cuckolds. So it is in vain to repine at what cannot be easily avoided ; or to resent what cannot be recalled.

A lady of fortune fell in love with a gentleman, who was in extreme indigence. She married him, and raised him to affluence and ease. He one night was returning home late from a journey a few miles from town, and had with him a pistol loaded with flugs. When he arrived at his house, a foot-boy, who lay in a hall near the door, let him in with very little noise. Upon attempt-

tempting to open the door of his bed-chamber, he found an obstruction, but heard the voices of two people in the room. Jealously, that black fiend, took possession of his soul: he burst the door open, and saw his wife in the arms of an officer. Having his pistol in his hand, he immediately gave way to the dictates of his rage, and shot them both. In the morning he was secured, carried before a magistrate, and committed to Newgate; where, to prevent a public and ignominious death, he laid violent hands upon himself. Thus by his absurd and rash conduct, did he murder himself,

self, at a time when he had the blood of two people upon his conscience.

“Conscience, of all our deeds the judge severe,

“Chastises sternly, tho’ it chides sincere.

How unlike this was the conduct of that great statesman Sir Robert W——, when he caught General —— in bed with his lady. The general no sooner perceived he was detected by the husband, but expecting the common consequence,

K

sequence, he leaped out of bed, and took to his sword; when, to his great surprize, and glorious to be mentioned, the husband, with a placid countenance, and accent which did not falter in the least, spoke the following words, which deserve to be registered in characters of gold: "Pray, Sir, go
 " to bed again; you'll perhaps
 " take cold: and, my dear, I de-
 " fire, when you have a mind to
 " entertain a friend in private a-
 " gain, you'll be more careful to
 " fasten the door." By this ex-
 "emplary conduct the husband
 proved himself to be a man of
 sense; a man of the utmost po-
 liteness;

liveness, and procured to himself a
 remarkable piece of future know-
 ledge; for, as cuckold-makers are
 generally grateful, the Colonel in
 return for Sir Robert's civility, soon
 after saved his life at the door of
 the house of commons; was always
 afterwards an essential friend; and
 the lady at all times, and upon all
 occasions, gave Sir Robert the cha-
 racter of being the very best hus-
 band in Europe. Thus we may
 perceive the benefits that accrue to
 contented cuckolds.

Upon

Upon a recent occasion, Lord G—— not being so thoroughly satisfied with those branching antlers which had sprung from royal seed, by the regular form of law had them completely gilt, with no less than ten thousand pounds worth of gold; a most elegant and superb embellishment to the brow of any man: and I sincerely wish the Lord L—— may very speedily exalt his horns with equal lustre. The admiral, however, is obliged to his deary for his equipment, and caresses her with the greatest ardency, returns her a thou-

thousand thanks, and has taken her with him abroad, in order to furnish him with an additional pair of head tusks, if occasion should be. For he intends, if the enemies of Great-Britain should have the insolence to attack any of our settlements in the West, to gore them in the most vigorous manner, with the the accoutrements with which his wife has furnished him.

When I had wrote thus far, it being a fine evening, I, growing tired of writing, though not of my subject, took a trip to Vauxhall gardens. After viewing at-

tentively that earthly paradise, which has occasioned so many husbands to be equipped with the buds of honour, I sat myself down in one of the boxes ; when I was pleasingly surprized to overhear, in the next box, a contented cuckold, arguing very sensibly to a discontented cuckold. Upon this very subject, as the arguments were very pertinent, I took them down in short-hand, and shall here communicate them to the public for the benefit of society.

I. GEN.

tentively that earthly paradise
which has occasioned to many but-
bands to be rewarded with the

1. GENTLEMAN.

Indeed you are too hard; for I
am confident that there are many
women really virtuous.

2. GENT.

There may be such; but they
are as seldom seen as the bird of
paradise. There is scarce a fair
one of them all but is waggish in
action or inclination. May and
August excuse no woman, how
strict soever her virtue may seem.
And let her aversion to inconti-
nency

nency seem ever so strong, yet opportunity that makes the thief, will betray her.

1. GENT.

Pray in what consists your happiness?

2. GENT.

In being a cuckold.

1. GENT.

Is that an happiness, pray?

2. GENT.

2. GENT.

Yes, to him that understands it ;
for, my dear friend, take my word
for it, it is more considerable than
any other other title in the world ;
for though many foolish men have
their doubts and fears, and abhor
the thoughts of being a cuckold,
'tis only prejudice, or because they
do not know what it means. Then
be above the code of the vulgar ;
pursue shadows no longer ; but
grasp at substances, and secure your
future happiness.

I. GENT.

1. GENT.

I wish, my dear friend, you could convince me that cuckoldom is both an happiness, and an honour.

2. GENT.

I will immediately form a kind of system that I formerly drew up for my own private use, when some of your prejudices and absurdities had got into my head, and I must confess, I don't think my pains thrown away; for it worked a complete cure.

CUCKOL-

CUCKOLDOM is,

I.

The bond of love.

II.

The alliance of the world.

III.

The preserver of mankind.

IV.

The consoler of the afflicted.

The

V.

The succour of the impotent.

VI.

The support of states.

VII.

The happiness of individuals.

VIII.

The conserver of riches.

IX.

The restorer of decayed families.

The

X.

The advancement of fathers and children.

XI.

The infallible means of raising a fortune.

XII.

The horn of plenty.

XIII.

The fountain of horror.

L

The

XIV.

The father of delight.

XV.

The desire of the miserable.

XVI.

The best title of nobility.

XVII.

The multiplication of friends.

XVIII.

The safeguard of husbands.

Then

Then first to begin with the bond of love. If the union of two hearts can be called the bond of love, cuckoldom must undoubtedly be so. Did you ever know two enemies embrace so closely as two lovers, when they make a cuckold? Certainly no. It was wittily said of the young bride, when her husband, upon the wedding night, upbraided her with the want of her maidenhead; "Pray, said she, tell me how you came to lose one of your eyes?" Very much against my will, replied the husband, by a confounded rascal who was my mortal enemy. "And I, said

faid she, "lost my maidenhead
 " with my dearest friend and with
 " my own free will." The husband was satisfied with her ingenuousness, and they ever after lived happy.

II.

That it is the alliance of the world is evident, for marriage makes an alliance only between two people, but cuckoldom extends its affinity and parentage to all mankind.

I. GENT.

[113]

1 GENT.

Hold a minute Sir. Do you think any married man covets such alliance.

2 GENT.

'Tis no matter whether they desire it or not, for if it be done against their will, 'tis nevertheless an alliance.

III.

'Tis the preserver of mankind, for many considerable families

L 3

would

would be lost but for the charitable assistance of friends in this way. How many fine young women have old husbands, and how many languish in the dull embraces of impotence. Is it not then in such cases the greatest piece of charity to supply these defects, and continue the race of an ancient, honourable and illustrious family. How many venerable and learned doctors would die without issue for want of time to love; or thro' the too great dissipation of spirits, in poring over Galen, Aristotle and Descartes, if it was not for the kind assistance of some of their less studious pupils. Thus you
may

may perceive that cuckoldom is the preserver of mankind.

IV.

That it is the consoler of the afflicted, a very few arguments will evince. For how many fair ladies hearts would be broke if it was not for the secret services of a gallant. What a dreadful thing it is for a blooming beauty to lie by the side of an old, dull decrepit fellow, to whom she has been married by her parents for the sake of interest; with whom, instead of reaping the joys of the marriage bed, she is only tantalized
with

with the shadow of what she had a natural right to expect. A cuckold maker in such cases, is without doubt, the greatest comforter.

The Italians have a proverb which expresses that there are three things which are too hard for a man to bear, viz.

To lie abed and not sleep.

To expect in vain.

To love and not enjoy.

Then

Then how wretched must the poor woman be who falls under the lost predicament. She must either feed on forbidden fruit, or die with hunger. Sure in such cases the languishing fair ones deserve compassion.

V.

It is the succour of the impotent. When the husband perceives himself impotent (and that's a secret easily found out) he is ashamed that he can no better perform family duty; and fears, if the fact was known, to be ranked
among

among the fumblers. A man may easily perceive from a woman's fullen temper and inuendo's, that she's vexed her husband has not *ink* enough in his *pen* to write down the annotations she expects. Hence arise discontent, trouble, and contention in the family. And what is the remedy, pray? Positively nothing, but a brawny friend to make up deficiencies. Let the husband wink, the wife will be satisfied, and all well. And thus the impotent are succoured.

To

VI.

To prove that cuckoldom is the support of states, a reference need only to be made to the history of every nation in the world. And it may be clearly seen, that had not some vigorous page, or brawny noble, comforted many disconsolate queens, a rebellion would have ensued upon the demise of the unperforming monarch. Thus cuckoldom supports kingdoms and empires ; and prevents civil discord.

That

VII.

That it is the happiness of individuals is plain, because the wife is happy, the lover happy, and the husband may be happy if he will. If he don't chuse it, it is his fault, not mine.

VIII.

That it is the conservator of riches, we see daily ; for many families have been preserved from ruin by the beauty of a wife. As falling walls are prop'd by fures, decaying houses are supported by horns. Or

as

as a witty Italian said, "El piu pronto modo decoprire la casa, e de lasciar caprire la donna ; which means, that the best way to tile a house, is to cover the good wife.

IX.

From what has been already said, it is evident, that cuckoldom is the restorer of decayed families.

An example of which I'll give you : Mr. B—— had by his wife, who was extremely beautiful, two fine boys. When they grew up to years of maturity, Mr. B—— tried all methods to procure em-

M ployment

ployment for his sons ; one in the army, the other in the church ; and, if possible, to get a place for himself at court, to re-establish his fortune, which he had greatly impaired ; but his endeavours were all in vain, till the minister of state cast a lascivious eye upon Mrs. B—. She had the good of her family at heart ; was kind ; and her husband and son were provided for beyond their most sanguine expectations : which likewise proves my three next positions, That cuckoldom is

The

X.

The advancement of fathers and children.

XI.

The infallible means of raising a fortune. And,

XII.

The horn of plenty. For, if the husband will but wink at his wife's civilities, the produce of the whole world flows in upon him in repeated

repeated presents, gold, silver, pearls, diamonds, &c. hampers of champaign, burgundy, claret, florence, mosel, canary, &c. laces, china, nicknacks, &c. quails, woodcocks, pheasants, partridges, venison, hares, and all other niceties. They may therefore well be called the horns of plenty.

XIII.

The fountain of honour it certainly must be; for a cuckold bears the greatest stamp of majesty of all sublunary things. He resembles the sun, whose rays appear like so many

many horns. Jupiter is forked in his thunderbolts ; the moon is horned ; Diana wears a crescent ; the rainbow is more glorious in its horns than in all its variety of colours ; and Cupid's bow would want its force, but for its horns. How many illustrious men has cuckoldom produced ! Can any man believe that Agatocles was the real son of a poor potter ? No ; but he had the reputation of being his father. Or can any man suppose that the blood of the immortal Tamerlane run first in the veins of a silly shepherd. But history has ennobled the father, for the heroic actions of the son. Or to

ſpeak of more recent things, can it be imagined that the great Cardinal Wolfey was the ſon of a butcher. Yet fame has given the butcher the credit of having begot him. It is ſurely then the greateſt fountain of honour.

XIV.

It is the father of delight ; ſince the very action is productive of it.
And,

XV.

The deſire of the miſerable ; ſince the deſire of the afflicted and
diſ-

disconsolate wife receives comfort;
and comfort is always desired by
the comfortless.

XVI.

Its being the best title to nobility,
has already been proved.

XVII.

It is the multiplication of friends.
For if wealth, bounty, and nobility
of blood, are the grand springs of
friendship, cuckolds can never want
friends, above all other men.

It

XVIII.

It is the safeguards of husbands; as is evident from the affair of Sir Robert W—— and Colonel —— as before cited; for a peaceable cuckold is never in danger; while the jealous has always occasion for fear.

I. GENT.

What a coxcomb have I been all this while? What blessed times might I have had? I have a sweet creature to my wife, who is universally

versally admired. A noble peer was some time ago deeply smitten with her ; but I, like a niggardly fool, must needs engross her all to myself ; and you see how I thrive by it. But I'll take care never to commit that fault again ; and strictly follow these rules.

I.

To give my wife her own freedom ; provided she does not let me see her take it ; to prevent the talk of those who do not know how to value cuckoldom.

I will

II.

I will esteem myself happy in this most blessed reformation, and be proud of my horns, as of the greatest honour that can dignify me.

III.

I will despise the prejudices of the vulgar.

IV.

I will be the greatest assertor of the glorious advantages of cuckoldom,

dom, to every one who is capable
of illumination by my doctrine.

V.

I will as much as in me lies defend the cause of those poor ladies, whose husbands abuse their laudable endeavours to raise them equal to the most illustrious persons in the world.

VI.

I promise and vow henceforward to love and honour all those whom fortune has exalted to this grace and dignity.

Don't

2. GENT.

Don't you think now that you
are much altered for the better.

1. GENT.

Indeed I do ; and am much o-
bliged to you for it. I wish only
that I had as much eloquence as
yourself, to thank you for it pro-
perly, and speak the praise of
cuckoldom : that I might redeem
all the world from that slavery of
mind which deprives it of this
glory.

As

As the gentlemen were perfectly agreed in their opinions, I was extremely well satisfied with what I had heard, and wrote down. And, retiring from the place, went home, in full hopes of speedily becoming a member of so noble a fraternity.

Some fillily imagine that a rash contempt of danger ; an indifferent regard for life and death, in the pursuit of conquest, and the ambition of sceptres and crowns, are the only roads to fame ; but they are mistaken ; a conquest over the passions is the greatest of all conquests ;

N

quests; and perfect generosity the most heroic of all virtues.

I remember a story of a beautiful lady, who, understanding that her husband had a passionate kindness for one of her chamber-maids, and perceiving that his respect to her was the only obstacle to the gratification of his wishes, very generously persuaded the girl, by all manner of endearments, to comply with his desires. This I take to be heroism indeed.

What is a man's wife the worse for another having enjoyed her?

Does

Does she lose any charms? Does it lessen her beauty? No. Such enjoyment is a blessing of which many may partake without impairing it; and a million may light their love at a pair of beautiful eyes without diminishing their lustre.

An eminent lady perceiving her husband's deficiency, encouraged a vigorous young fellow, by whom she had three sons; who all became great men. The first founded a great college; the second was the most celebrated lawyer of his time; and the third was advanced to the archbishoprick of ———;

so that these three illegitimate children were at once the glory of their country, and prop of the state.

There are three things which concur to make a great man.

I.

The constitution of the parents.

II.

Vigorous desires.

III.

Particular time.

Examine:

Examine the complexion of the husband and lover ; you'll find as much difference as between night and day.

The first is dull, flegmatic, and heavy ; the last active, strenuous, and gay. The stock of the first is exhausted by continual exercise ; the last are rich in their store : whence it must naturally follow, according to the above three conditions, that the children of the first will prove tools and cowards, and of the last wits and braves.

It is not enough for a man to be a cuckold; but he ought to know that he is one, and be happy in the knowledge; that he may know how to time his absence, and share in the profits.

The grand seignior, one of the greatest monarchs upon earth, bears the crescent, or horns, in his royal standard; which to him is of more glory than his imperial diadem. And stags, the most timorous of all creatures, though devoid of reason, when they have shed their horns, grow ashamed of their lost glory, and hide themselves.

selves in the most sequestered parts
 of the woods. But it is not every
 man's destiny to have the happiness
 of being a cuckold; for if his wife
 be old or ugly, let him be ever so
 desirous, fortune may deny him so
 great a benefit. However, though
 such misfortunes will sometimes
 happen, it would be as easy to
 count the flowers in the spring, or
 the leaves in autumn, as to enu-
 merate the cuckolds that now ex-
 ist. Admire and imitate the ex-
 amples of Lucullus, Cæsar, Pom-
 pey, Cato, Antonine, and many
 other illustrious names, if you
 would become glorious and hap-
 py; for cuckoldom is the sponge
 of

of pleasures, and spring of delight.
And no cuckold has any manner
of occasion to be unhappy.

“The horns we wear can feel no
pain.

“That only in the mind does reign.”

A very merry companion of
mine often used to say, that he
would not part from his horns for
the best lordship in England ; be-
cause he had so frequently good
legacies left him by persons he ne-
ver knew in his life. And another
told me one day, with a great deal
of joy, that his wife was teeming
with a new kind of fruit, which
he had neither sown nor planted ;
and

and therefore he neither feared bailiff, action, or law-suit; but would go immediately and cudgel a fellow that had affronted him; since he knew who would pay for it.

And, pursued he, I have already broke all the windows at the Rose, because the rascal was sawcy, and would not credit me for half a dozen of wine to ther night; but I know who must mend 'em.

Another choice spirit of the same stamp came to invite me to the christening of a child, which his wife had made him a present of: and, says he, upon the occasion,

caſion, I have got at home what is worth all the plate in a goldſmith's ſhop; for you muſt know that three or four great perſonages believe themſelves to be the father; for my wife, in private, has perſuaded each into ſuch belief; which has cauſed them all to make me ſuch profuſe and coſtly preſents, that I look upon myſelf in the light of a great prince, who receives homage and tribute from thoſe that owe him none.

Then let every man whom the forked divinity hath been graciouſly pleaſed to elect into the fellowſhip

lowship of the happy, unite his interest to persuade the world that none but the wise are so far the favourites of fortune, as to deserve the honour of cuckoldom.

In order to illustrate the subject as much as possible, I shall give the authorities of the learned in all ages, upon

Love,

Lust,

Man,

Woman,

Mar-

Marriage,
and
Cuckoldom.

! By which each sex may perceive what they have to trust to. The joint authorities of so many great men will, undoubtedly, give a sanction to our opinions, and elucidate every matter in question. This collection may be termed a Looking-glass; by which any person may perceive their own likeness, or the likeness of their neighbour of either sex. Such a collection will undoubtedly be of use; because, by getting the arguments
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of different authors by rote, a person who would have nothing to say for himself otherwise, will thereby be enabled to convince his antagonist of the truth, from the most respectable authority.

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O

THE

[176]

When you would give all world
In plagues a name,
Worse than they have already, call
THEM

LOOKING-GLASS ;

IN WHICH MAY BE SEEN

The Opinions of the Learned,

UPON

Love,

YAWT Lust,

Man,

Woman,

On wretched white the Marriage,

AND

With idle play and plays Cuckoldom.

the fond one

Even

When

When you wou'd give all world-
ly plagues a name,
Worse than they have already, call
'em wife.

But a new marry'd wife's a teeming
mischief,

Full of herself. Why what a deal
of horror

Has that poor wretch to come that
wedded yesterday?

OTWAY.

Oh wretched husband while she
hangs about thee,
With idle blandishments, and plays
the fond one,

Even

Even then her hot imagination
wanders,

Contriving bits and loose scraps of
love ;

And while she clasps thee close,
makes thee a monster.

ROWE.

To so perverse a sex all grace is
vain,

It gives them courage to offend a-
gain.

For with feign'd tears the penitence
pretend,

Again are pardon'd, and again of-
fend :

Fathom

Fathom our pity, when they seem
to grieve ;

Only to try how far we can for-
give ;

Till launching out into a sea of
strife,

They scorn all pardon, and appear
all wife.

DRYDEN.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?

Prithee why so pale ?

Will, when looking well can't
move her,

Looking ill prevail ?

Why so dull and mute, young fin-
ner ?

Prithee, why so mute ?

Will, when speaking well can't
win her,

Saying nothing do't ?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not
move,

This cannot take her.

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her.

SUCKLING.

Ah,

Ah, cruel heaven! that made no cure
for love.

Love has no bounds, in pleasure or
in pain.

DRYDEN.

Quoth he, to bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick-
up,

Or when I'm in a fit to hickup.

HUDIBRASS.

Force

Force is the last relief that lovers
find ;

And 'tis the best excuse of woman-
kind.

It is resistance that enflames desire,
Sharpens the darts of love, and
blows his fire.

Love is disarm'd that meets with too
much ease ;

He languishes, and does not care to
please.

And therefore 'tis your golden fruit
you guard,

With so much care, to make pos-
session hard.

DRYDEN.

'Tis

'Tis nobler, like a lion, to invade,
 Where appetite directs, and seize
 my prey,
 Than to wait tamely, like a begging
 dog,
 Till dull consent throws out the
 scraps of love,
 I'll plunge into a sea of my desires,
 I'll tear up pleasure by the roots,
 And quench my fever, tho' I drown
 my name.

ROCHESTER.

To

To what a height did infant

Rome,

By ravishing of women come;

When men upon their spouses seiz'd,

And freely marry'd where they

pleas'd;

They ne'er forswore themselves, nor

ly'd,

Nor took the pains t'address and

sue,

Nor play'd the masquerade to woe;

Disdain'd to stay for friends con-

sents,

Nor juggled about settlements;

Did need no licence, nor no priest,

Nor friends, nor kindred to assist,

Nor

Nor lawyers to join land and mo-
ney,

In holy state of matrimony;

Nor wou'd endure to stay until

They'd got the very bride's good-
will,

But took a wife and shorter course

To win the ladies--downright force.

And when they had them at their
pleasure,

They talk'd of love and flames at
leisure;

For which the dames in contem-
plation,

Of that best way of application,

Prov'd better wives than e'er was
known,

By suit or treaty to be won,

And

And such as all posterity
Could never equal or come nigh.

HUDIBRASS.

Horses and asses we're allow'd to
try,
And sound suspected vessels ere we
buy ;
Women a random choice untry'd
we take ;
We dream in courtship, but in wed-
lock wake ;
Then, nor till then, the veil's re-
mov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open
day.

POPE.

Force

Force never yet a generous heart
did gain ;

We yield to parley, but are storm'd
in vain :

Constrain'd in all things, makes the
pleasure less :

Sweet is the love which comes with
willingness.

DRYDEN.

Change is fate, and not design,
Love, like us, must fate obey,
Since 'tis nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.

ROCHESTER.

P

Women

Women like variegated tulips
show,

'Tis to their changes half their
charms they owe.

POPE.

Some men to business, some to
pleasure take,

But ev'ry woman is at heart a
rake ;

Some men to public, some to pri-
vate strife,

But ev'ry woman wou'd be queen
for life.

POPE.

For

For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap, or crincum of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other pains and akes prove.

HUDIBRAS.

He that seems virtuous, does but
act a part,
And shows not his own nature,
but his art.

HOWARD.

What art can blind a jealous wo-
man's eyes?

Love, the first motions of the lo-
ver hears,

Quick

Quick to presage, and even in safety fears.

DRYDEN.

No sign of love in jealous men remains,

But that which sick men have of life, their pains.

DRYDEN.

Small jealousies, 'tis true enflame desire,

The great not fan, but quite put out the fire.

DRYDEN.

So

So fares the lover, when his
 breast,
 By jealous phrenzy is possess'd;
 Forswears the nymph for whom
 he burns,
 Yet straight to her whom he for-
 swears returns.
 But when the fair resolves his
 doubt,
 The love comes in, the fear goes
 out,
 The cloud of jealousy's dispell'd,
 And the bright fun of innocence
 reveal'd;
 With what strange raptures is he
 blest,
 Raptures too great to be exprest;

Though hard the torments to endure,

Who wou'd not have the sickness
for the cure.

WALSH.

Think'ft thou I'll make a life of
jealousy,

To follow still the changes of the
moon,

With fresh surmises? No, to be
once in doubt,

Is to be resolv'd———

SHAKESPEARE.

Tell

Tell me no more of this or that,
 That Chloe's false or common,
 By heaven, I all along believ'd,
 She was a very woman,
 As such I lov'd, as such carefs'd,
 She still was constant while pos-
 sess'd,
 She could do more for no man.

CONGREVE.

For oh! what damned minutes
 tells he o'er,
 Who doats, yet doubts, suspects,
 yet strongly loves.

SHAKESPEARE.

How

How frail, how cowardly is wo-
man's mind?

We shriek at thunder, dread the
bustling wind,

And glitt'ring swords, the bright-
est eyes will blind,

Yet when strong jealousy inflames
the soul,

The weak will roar, and calms to
tempests rowl.

LEE.

Torment me with this horrid rage
no more,

Oh! smile and grant one recon-
ciling kifs,

Yee

Ye gods she's kind, I'm extasy all
o'er,

My soul's too narrow to contain
my blifs.

BACON LEE.

Thou pleasing torture of my
breast,

Sure thou wer't form'd to plague
my rest,

Since both the good, and ill you
do,

This kills me with excess of grief,

That with excess of joy.

WALSH.

Drive

Drive me, oh drive me, from
that traitor man,

So I might scape that monster, let
me dwell

In lions' haunts, or in some tyger's
den ;

Place me on some steep craggy
ruin'd rock,

That bellies out, just dropping in
the ocean ;

Bury me in the hollow of its
womb,

Where, starving on my cold and
flinty bed,

I may from far, with giddy appre-
hension,

See infinite fathoms down the
rumbling deep,

Yet

Yet not e'en there, in the vast whirl
of death

Can there be found so terrible a
ruin

As man, false man, smiling de-
structive man.

LEE.

She has a tongue that can undo
the world,

She eyes me just as when she first
inflam'd me :

Such were her looks——So melt-
ing was her language,

Such false soft sighs, and such de-
luding tears,

When

When from her lips I took the
 luscious poison,
 When with that pleasing perjur'd
 breath avowing,
 Her whispers trembled through
 my cred'lous ears,
 And told the story of my utter ruin.

LEE,

For after matrimony's over,
 He that holds out but half a lover,
 Deserves for ev'ry minute more
 Than half a year of love before.

HUDIBRAS.

Fondness

Fondness is still th' effect of new
delight,
Marriage is but the pleasure of a
day;
The metal's base, the gilding worn
away.

DRYDEN.

Marriage at best is but a vow,
Which all men either break or bow.

HUDIBRAS.

For man and woman, tho' in
one they grow,
Yet first, or last, return again to
two:

Q

He

He to God's image, she to his was
made,

So farther from the fount the stream
at random stray'd :

How could he stand when put to
double pain,

He must a weaker than himself
sustain.

DRYDEN.

What rugged wars attend the
noon of life,

Our sun declines, and with what
anxious strife,

What pain we tug, a galling load,
a wife;

All

All courfers the first heat with
 vigour run,
 But 'tis with whip, and spur the
 race is won.

CONGREVE.

A slavery beyond enduring,
 But that 'tis of our own procuring,
 As spiders never seek the fly,
 But leave him of himself t'apply,
 So men are by themselves betray'd
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
 And men their necks into a noose,
 They'd break 'em after to get loose.

HUDIBRAS.

And.

And wedlock without love some
 say,
 Is but a lock without a key,
 It is a kind of rape to marry,
 One that neglects, or cares not for
 ye;
 For what does make it ravishment,
 But being against the mind's con-
 sent.

HUDIBRAS.

For I who form'd them know
 their inward state,
 No woman once well pleas'd can
 thoroughly hate :

I gave

I gave them beauty to subdue
the strong,

A mighty empire, but it lasts not
long:

I gave them pride to make man-
kind their slave,

But in return to men, I flattery
gave:

The humblest lover when he lowest
lies,

Submits to conquer, and but kneels
to rise.

DRYDEN.

Mankind, one day serene and
free appear,

The next they're cloudy, fullen,
and severe;

New passions, new opinions still
excite,

And what they like at noon despise
at night;

They gain with labour what they
quit with ease,

And health, for want of change,
becomes disease;

They counsel others, but them-
selves deceive,

And tho' they're cozen'd still, they
still believe.

GARTH.

Mankind

Mankind upon each others ruin
 rise,
 Cowards maintain the brave, and
 fools the wise.

HOWARD.

Mankind each others stories still
 repeat,
 And man to man, is a succeeding
 cheat.

HOWARD.

Meerly for safety after fame we
 thirst,
 For all men wou'd be cowards if
 they durst;

Nay

Nay honesty against all common
sense,

Men must be knaves, 'tis in their
own defence;

Mankind's dishonest if you think it
fair,

Among known cheats to play
upon the square,

You'll be undone.

Nor can weak truth your reputa-
tion save,

The knaves will all agree to call
you knave;

Long shall he live insulted, and
oppress'd,

Who dares be less a villain than
the rest.

ROCHESTER.

Marriage thou curse of love,
 and snare of life,
 That first debased a mistress to a
 wife;
 Love like a scene at distance should
 appear,
 But marriage views the gross daub'd
 landscape near;
 Love's nauseous cure thou cloyest
 whom thou should'st please,
 And when thou curst, then thou
 art the disease;
 When hearts are loose thy chain our
 bodies ties,
 Love couples friends, but marriage
 enemies.

DRYDEN.

What

What state of life can be so
 blest,
 As love that warms a lovers breast;
 Two souls in one, the same desire,
 To grant the bliss, and to require;
 But if in heaven a hell we find,
 'Tis jealousy, that tyrant of the
 mind,
 All other ills tho' sharp they prove,
 Serve to refine and perfect love;
 In absence, or unkind disdain,
 Sweet hope relieves the lover's
 pain,
 Thou art the fire of endless night,
 The fire that burns and gives no
 light.

DRYDEN.

Love reigns a very tyrant in the
heart,
Attended on his throne by all his
guard,
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice
suspensions.

OTWAY.

Oh you have done an act,
That blots the face and blush of
modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off
the rose
From the fair forehead of an inno-
cent love,

And

And makes a blister there; makes
marriage vows

As false as Dicers oaths, oh, such
a deed!

Heaven's face does glow at it.

SHAKESPEARE.

Thou art honest,
As summer flies are in the tham-
bles,

That quickens even with blowing.

——— O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and look'st
so sweet,

That the fens akes at thee!

Was

Was this fair paper, this most
 goodly book,
 Made to write whore upon? oh,
 thou public commoner!
 I should make very forges of my
 cheeks,
 That wou'd to cinders burn up
 modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds.

SHAKESPEARE.

—— Beauty, thou wild fantastic
 ape,
 Who do'st in every country change
 thy shape,

R

Here

Here black, there brown, here taw-
 ney, and there white,
 Thou flatt'rer who comply'st with
 every sight,
 Who hast no certain, what, nor
 where,
 But vary'st still, and dost thyself
 declare,
 Inconstant as thy s^{he} professors are.

COWLEY.

The cause of love can never be
 assign'd,
 'Tis in no face, but in the lover's
 mind.

DRYDEN.

Beauty

Beauty is seldom fortunate when
great,
A vast estate but overcharg'd with
debt.

DRYDEN.

Beauty like ice our footing does
betray,
Who can tread sure on the smooth
slipp'ry way?
Pleas'd with the passage we slide
swiftly on,
And see the dangers which we can-
not shun.

DRYDEN.

For

For beauty, like white powder,
makes no noise,
But yet the silent hypocrite de-
stroys.

CLEVELAND.

Beauty thou art a fair, but fading
flower,
The tender prey of every coming
hour,
In youth thou comest like art gaz'd
upon,
But art portentous to thyself alone,

Unfurnish'd

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Unfurnish'd thou to few wert ever
giv'n,

Nor art a blessing, but a mark from
heaven.

SEDLEY.

Is she not more than painting
can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they
love?

A lavish planet reign'd when she
was born,
And made her of such kindred mold
to heaven,

She seems more heaven's than ours.

DRYDEN.

The bloom of op'ning flowers,
 unfully'd beauty,
 Softness and sweetest innocence she
 wears,
 And looks like nature in the
 world's first spring.

Rowe.

Belinda's sparkling wit and eyes
 United, cast a so fierce a light,
 As quickly flashes, quickly dies,
 Wounds not the heart, but burns
 the sight:

Loye

Love is all gentleness, all joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his
pace,
Her cupid is a Blackguard boy,
That runs his link quite in my
face.

DORSET.

But oh, what thought can paint
that fair perfection,
Not sea born Venus in the courts
beneath,
When the green nymphs first kiss'd
her coral lips;
All polish'd, fair, and wash'd with
orient beauty,

Could

Could in my dazz'ling fancy match:
 her brightness ;
 Her legs, her arms, her hands, her
 neck, her breasts,
 So nicely shap'd, so matchless in
 their lustre :
 Such all perfection, that I took
 draughts
 Of smiling love, and ever since
 have languish'd,
 With ling'ring surfeits of her fatal
 beauty.

LEE.

Those heavenly attracts of yours,
 your eyes
 And face, that all the world sur-
 prise,

Do

Do dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny.

HUDIBRAS.

————— Let me forever gaze,
And bless the new born glories that
adorn thee,
From ev'ry blush that kindles in
thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces
spring,
To revel in the roses. —————

Rowe.

In

In-rising blushes still fresh beauties
 rose,

The sunny side of fruit such blushes
 shows,

And such the moon, when all her
 silver white,

Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light:

ADDISON.

There's no such thing as constancy
 we call,

Faith 'tis not hearts 'tis inclination
 all.

Some wit deform'd, or beauty much
 decay'd,

First constancy in love, a virtue
 made,

From

From friendship they that land-
 mark did remove,
 And falsely plac'd it on the bounds
 of love.

DRYDEN.

The world's a scene of changes, and
 to be
 Constant, in nature were incon-
 stancy,
 For't were to break the laws her-
 self has made,
 Our substances themselves do fleet
 and fade;

The

The most fix'd being still does move
and fly,

Swift as the wings of time 'tis
measur'd by:

T' imagine then that love shou'd
never cease,

Love, which is but the ornament
of these,

Were quite as senseless as to won-
der why,

Beauty and colour stay not when
we die.

COWLEY.

Why I can smile, and murder while
I smile,

And cry content, to that which
grieves my heart,

And

And wet my cheeks with artificial
tears,

And frame my face to all occa-
sions.

SHAKESPEARE.

Thou shalt not break my heart,
nor shall she know

My inward torment, by my out-
ward show,

To let her see my weakness were
too base,

Dissembling, quiet fit upon my
face;

S

My

My sorrows to my eyes no passage
 find,
 But let it inward sink and drown
 my mind;
 Falsehood shall want its triumph,
 I begin
 To stagger, but I'll prop myself
 within,
 The spacious tow'r no ruin shall
 disclose,
 Till down at once, the mighty fa-
 brick goes.

DRYDEN.

Dissembling

Dissembling hopes her cloudy front
she clears,
And a false vigour in her eyes appears.

DRYDEN.

These words he spoke, but spoke
not from his heart,
His outward smiles conceal'd his
inward smart.

DRYDEN.

Doubt is some ease to those who
fear the worst.

DRYDEN.

For

For what do lovers when they're
fast,

In one anothers arms embrac'd,
But strive to plunder and convey,
Each other like, a prize away.

HUDIBRAS.

I saw 'em kindle to desire,
While with soft sighs they blew
the fire;

Saw the approaches of their joy,
He growing fierce, and she less
coy;

Saw how they mingled melting
rays,

Exchanging love a thousand ways,

Kind

Kind was the force on either side,
 Her new desire she could not
 hide,

Nor wou'd the shepherd be de-
 nied,

The blessed minute he pursu'd,
 Till she transported in his arms,
 Yields to the conqueror all her
 charms.

His panting breast to her's now
 join'd,

They feast on raptures unconfin'd,
 Vast and luxuriant such as prove,

The immortality of love ;

For who but a divinity,

Could mingle souls to that degree,

And melt them into extasie.

Now like the phoenix both expire,
 While from the ashes of their fire,
 Sprung up a new and soft desire.
 Like charmers thrice they did in-
 voke

The god, and thrice new vigour
 took,

BEHN.

Thus did the happy pair their love
 dispense,

With mutual joys, and gratify'd
 their sense,

The god of love was there a bid-
 den guest,

And present at his own mysterious
 feast,

His

His azure mantle underneath he
spread,
And scatter'd roses on the nuptial
bed.

While folded in each others arms
they lay,

He blew the flames, and furnish'd
out the play,

And from their foreheads wip'd the
balmy sweat away.

DRYDEN.

Celia was coy and hard to win,

With artful cunning play'd the vir-
gins part,

But when she once had try'd the
fin,

She

She hug'd the charming tingling
dart,

Cry'd nearer dearest to my heart,
Thou'rt lord of all within.

MOUNTFORT.

Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the window eye does steal
in,

To rob the heart, and with his
prey,

Steals out again a closer way.

HUDIBRAS.

How shou'd I those showers for-
get,

It was so pleasant to be wet,

They

They murder'd love, I know it
well,

I dy'd as oft as e'er they fell.

ROCHESTER.

Ye gods the raptures of that night,
What fierce convulsions of delight?
How in each others arms involv'd,
We lay confounded, and dissolv'd?
Bodies mingling, sexes blending,
Which shou'd most be lost, con-
tending.

Darting fierce and flaming kisses,
Plunging into boundless blisses;
Our bodies, as our souls on fire,
Tost by a tempest of desire,

Till

Till with utmost fury driven,
Down at once we sink to heaven.

DRYDEN.

Lust thro' some certain streamers
well refin'd,
Turns gentle love, and charms all
womankind.

POPE.

Thus when the youthful pair more
closely join,
When arms in arms they lock, and
thighs in thighs entwine,

Just

Just in the raging foam of full de-
fire,

When both press on, both mur-
mur, both expire,

They gripe, they squeeze, their
humid tongues they dart,

As each wou'd force the way to
t'others heart,

In vain they only cruise about the
coast,

For bodies cannot pierce and be in
bodies lost.

DRYDEN.

F I N I S.